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Lady Harris by Antony Beauchamp

Lady Harris, the lovely wife of the former bomber chief, Marshal of the R.A.F., Sir Arthur Harris. Sir Arthur and Lady Harris have just arrived in New York, en route to their new home which will be Johannesburg. This is the first in Antony Beauchamp's new series of portraits which brilliantly combine drawing and photography

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

PORTRAITS IN PRINT



When Shepherds Pipe On Oaten Straws

The English And The Cold

THIS morning, for the first time since the autumn, I risked a sortie into a London street without an overcoat. All yesterday afternoon I had felt the thing hanging heavy upon me like some winding sheet of winter. So this morning it was left behind. By lunchtime my nose was yellow in a blue face, and I felt that pneumonia was just behind my shoulder.

And that was my punishment for putting my pathetic English confidence in the first watery sunshine, the first hint of an autumn crocus. How defiantly hopeful we are about our weather, how defiantly hopeful we have always been! The Elizabethans wrote so much about the verdant spring, there is nothing left for us to say. And yet when you peer behind the idyllic enamel of:

"When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,

And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks" can you be certain there were no violent incalculable falls of temperature in Shakespeare's spring, did frosts never come unseasonably to blight the blossom just when it was setting? I believe our climate has always been even more treacherous than our politics, and that the Englishman, romantically yearning for the warm south ever since Chaucer's day, has made it a point of honour to pretend that English weather never flies to extremes.

English Heating

How else can one explain the pitiful heating of our houses? I am delighted to notice that a learned commission, set up under the auspices of the Ministry of Works, has drawn attention to the matter in a published report. Never did the deficiencies of our house-heating strike me more violently than one winter when I returned to London after three years in the East. Where I had been, the thermometer often went down to fifteen degrees below zero, the frozen sand hit one's face like a charge of buckshot. But at least within doors, and double windows, one was warm. Life in winter was organized against cold as if it were a military campaign; so it is in Russia and throughout most of eastern and central Europe. Those charming white porcelain stoves, one of which will heat a huge saloon; and how agreeable they are to sit around after a day's shooting in the frozen forest!

Why have the habits of double windows and of those stoves never spread to this country? Why is an Englishman's only genuine idea of warmth a coal or log fire roaring up the chimney? Of course, it is a pretty, cosy sight, but, oh, give us some warmth at a range of more than ten feet from the fireplace, suffer that English corridors at least have the chill taken off them! With the shortage of coal and the need for exports, we can no longer afford to pretend we are blessed with a clement climate, and then to waste coal trying to drive the cold humours out of our bones. Why do we not adopt some of the Canadian methods of insulation against cold,

in the building of all those new houses which are one day to spring up?

Diamonds

We were standing outside a jeweller's shop in Bond Street the other day, when a hard-faced woman in a good fur coat emerged from the shop with one of the assistants. She peered through the pane at a diamond we were vaguely admiring, and "Muck," she cried: "not even up to the quality of a commercial diamond." We wondered how this expensive and, presumably, leisured creature had ever come to learn anything about commercial diamonds, stones not good enough to deck important necks, but hard enough to provide the cutting edges for complicated machine tools. What a miraculous thing is a diamond, any diamond, a great stone like the "Regent," for instance, which Governor Pitt brought back from India, and sold to that amiable and calumniated voluptuary, the French Regent, Philippe d'Orléans, through the intermediary of an inspired little busybody, the due de Saint-Simon.

Personally, I have somewhat old-fashioned tastes in jewellery. I can see that nothing is quite so brilliant as a superb South African stone, cut in the modern, flat-faceted manner, which turns it almost into a mirror by itself. But I have a passion for the Brazilian diamonds of the eighteenth century, with a faint golden tinge to them, like champagne, and cut less cunningly than our modern stones, so that their glitter is subdued. They are to modern diamonds as candles are to electric light. And like candle light, how becoming they can be to pretty young necks or ears!

The Fallen Cat

FOR weeks I have been planning to mate Neuf-neuf, my blue Persian, with a husband worthy of her. There was no hint of the matter being urgent. Then one morning last weekend I found strange marks on the outside of the drawing-room window-panes—clues as sinister as any in some masterpiece of Beatrix Potter. They were paw marks, masculine paw marks. At that moment a blood-curdling miaou came from the garden, I had a brief vision of a white person, of louche aspect, but, I must admit, a very fine, long coat, skulking behind a beehive. The siege had begun.

We tried to keep Neuf-neuf indoors. But towards nightfall she had disappeared. I called forlornly after her round the little garden, in the neighbouring field, down the road. Nothing.

Nervous, and put out, I went upstairs. There, tumbled upon a pale pink satin coverlet was a disreputable ball of fur. All round were twigs and wisps of hay and tendrils of more grey fur detached from the main corpus. It was my errant, my shameless daughter, back from heaven knows what cruel and unseemly embraces. Dogs at the slightest encouragement feel and show shame. In the

upturned eyeballs of a spaniel you can read guilt instantly. But this was the first occasion of detecting shame in Neuf-neuf's royal face. Normally, a cat of princely dignity and self-possession, she suddenly took on the air of a little slut, a guilty soubrette. For a second, the situation called for a snow-storm outside, and my putting her harshly out into the cold. Then, with a gesture of sudden, unpredictable coyness, she rolled over on to her back and hid her face in her large, silver paws. I realized then that if I had been blessed or cursed with numerous daughters, I would have been putty in their hands. . . .

White Lead

LOOKING through a drawer-full of old papers, I came across a note-book filled with material for a project which has been near my heart these last fifteen years—to write a tome on the dream of the East which haunted European art ever since Marco Polo's time, which shines through Marlowe, through *Antony and Cleopatra*, which lends Tiepolo to have his splendours, and Chippendale's mirrors three-quarters of their poetry. Not a great house but once boasted its Chinese room. Now the magnificent bedroom at Badminton has lost its Chinese bed to the Victoria and Albert Museum, I suppose Claydon remains the finest piece of "chinoiserie" in the country (if you disregard the Pavilion at Brighton, which with Sezincote, is also a rare example of the "Indian" taste). There is a marvellous "chinoiserie" room, entirely panelled in Buen Retiro porcelain, at Aranjuez, and, of course, the superb "grande singerie" at Chantilly, not to forget our own homely, if slightly disappointing pagoda by Sir William Chambers, at Kew. But one could cite a thousand more examples of this charming fantasy, this revolt against the Greek gods and goddesses. I will merely quote an amusing little eighteenth-century rhyme I found in my note-book:—

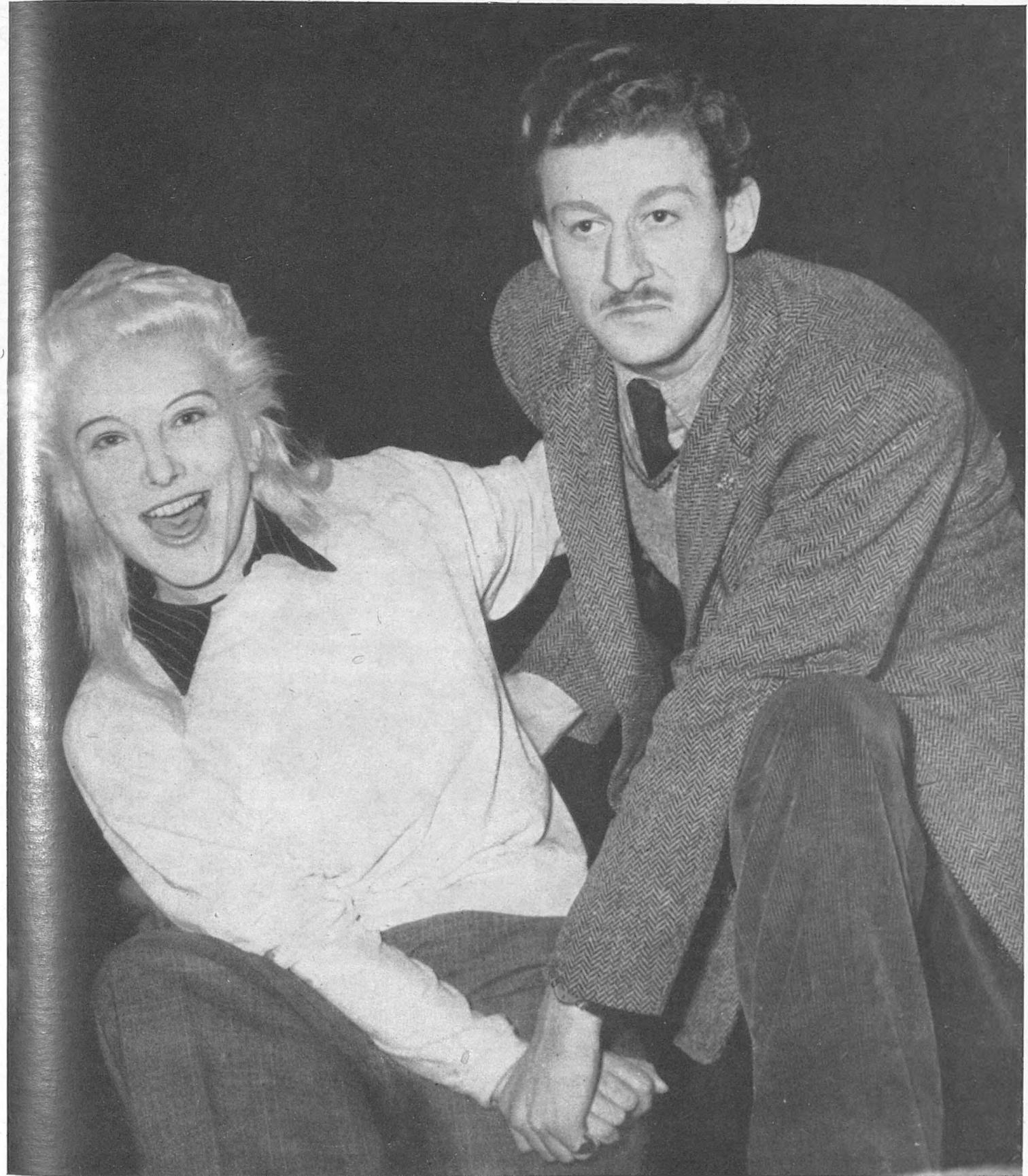
"Love with white lead cements his wings.
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest brittlest earthly things—
A lady's face and China ware."

Incidentally, it is, I believe, an offence nowadays for any cosmetic to include white lead in its composition.

Tinned Stewing Steak

HOW unfathomable are the gastronomic tastes of some people. By every means in our power we tried to humour a nanny who has just left us. The most succulent portions of our rations, the most delicate sauces, we lavished upon her. She turned her nose up at all of it, continued grimly to wolf not only her own but also most of our sugar allowance. One evening we returned from London to find her radiant. Never, she declared, had she eaten a more splendid meal than lunch that day. It turned out to be a tin of steak, stewing steak at that, upon which she had squandered a myriad of points, and which then she had just warmed up. . . .

Picture of the Week



Gay Lady and Sad Man

This is Frances Day and her new leading man, John Pertwee. Their new play-with-music *Evangeline*, by James Laver opened in Blackpool recently. It is coming to town in a few weeks. Frances and John were rehearsing their jitterbug dance when our photograph was taken (by Antony Beauchamp). John Pertwee—Boris, in the play—is looking disconsolate because his lovely partner has announced her intention of leaving him. *Evangeline* is Miss Day's own—and first—production. The music is by Harry Jacobson and George Posford, with lyrics by Eric Maschwitz

James Agate

AT THE PICTURES

*Gives "Scarlet Street," showing at Leicester Square, a quite remarkable measure of praise.
It should fill the theatre for many weeks, he says*

ARISTOTLE—I apologize for dragging in that old warhorse—defined tragedy in terms of pity and terror. Pity for the victim of his own mistakes, and terror lest we who sit watching the tragedy unfold itself should, by similar flaws in our own character, fall into like mishap. On these lines *Scarlet Street* (Leicester Square) must be a tragedy for every man over fifty. At least I take it that fifty is the age at which every man begins to imagine that he is loved for himself alone.

Balzac knew better, as everybody must realize who remembers the story of Esther Gobseck and the Baron Nucingen. But it is useless to tell a generation which has ceased to read Balzac that ninety per cent of young and pretty women of the mannequin and usherette type are Esthers, and that one hundred per cent of paunchy stockbrokers growing thin on the top are Nucingens. Sacha Guitry in his early plays preached the same sermon in a more lively fashion.

An elderly businessman, having come to terms with his future mistress, said to her, "There's one thing more, my pet. We must now settle upon your lover." The little besom simulating protest, Lucien Guitry waved to her to be silent and said, "You and I both know that you are taking me for my money. That means that you will have a lover. Which again means that he will be a good deal about my house. Therefore I should like you to choose somebody who will be agreeable to me, for preference one who plays a good game of billiards." The little hussy again protested, and gave weight to her protestations in three acts of delicious comedy in which she successfully avoided every trap set for her by *le singe*. (Non-Balzaciens should here be told that *le singe* was the name which the protected of a hundred years ago always gave to the protector.)

The end of Sacha's play finding Lucien completely convinced of his young woman's sincerity, the final curtain fell on the old man lumbering for gallantry's sake to the drawing-room door, thus enabling Yvonne Printemps to bestow an enormous wink upon the personable young electrician mending the chandelier.

THE new film at the Leicester Square theatre is not comic but tragic—always from the point of view of the elderly stockbroker. Edward G. Robinson is the cashier in a large New York firm dealing in women's frocks, with the usual reward of twenty years of faithful service—to wit, a banquet and a gold watch. But, alas, he is married to Margaret Lindsay, shrew of shrews and relict of a New York detective who, in the course of his duties, became drowned.

His one solace is painting. And the canvases are a joy, being a subtle combination of Rousseau and Utrillo, with echoes of Van Gogh and Picasso *dementia*. He confesses that he can't paint: "I just put a line round the way I feel when I look at things." Surely the perfect description of that combination of nightmare and hangover which makes the modern art-gallery almost as amusing as the Marx Brothers.

Now Robinson runs into Joan Bennett who is what Damon Runyon would call a doll, and badly in need of a provider since her boy friend, Dan Duryea, has no potatoes to speak of. And, of course, Robinson, who has not seen any of the old Jannings' films, falls for Joan good and plenty. He steals and embezzles for her in the classic manner. Hereabouts the story becomes complicated but still remains interesting.

It would take too long to tell how Robinson removes his painting things to the handsome apartment with which he has furnished Joan. How the boy friend persuades Joan to put her name to them. How the pair bamboozle a famous art critic. And how the paintings turn out to be valuable works of art. All this part of the film is extremely amusing. Is Joan, whose only use for paint is confined to her dressing-table, in difficulties when it comes to talking to the famous art critic? Not a bit of it. She knows she can't paint, she just puts a line around the way she feels when she looks at things. And then the drowned detective turns out not to have become drowned. Which frees Robinson, who at once proposes marriage to Joan, whereupon the minx turns round and tells Robinson all the things dolls have

wanted to tell their providers since the beginning of time.

Whereupon Edward G. loses his head and does some very nasty work with the ice-pick, for which nasty work the boy friend goes to the chair. Does Robinson, in vulgar parlance, get away with it? No. The end of the picture leaves him a haunted wreck with two murders on his soul and nobody willing to execute or even try him.

THE picture is grandly directed by Fritz Lang and contains a wealth of interesting detail. No highbrow nonsense. Nothing inserted that oughtn't to be there. Nothing left out that ought to be in. Beautifully acted by everybody concerned. I have long given up trying to say anything fresh about Edward G. Robinson; I am content to sit and watch a perfect artist perfectly at work. Dan Duryea is coming along magnificently, and at last has a part worthy of his talent. I like Joan Bennett too, who presents slut as slut and not as beglamoured ninny.

In my view this film should fill the Leicester Square theatre for many weeks. And if I had my way I would take the average British director by the scruff of his neck and force him to note the means by which an interesting picture is kept interesting throughout. Incidentally, this picture has a wealth of wit so subtle that the entire register of London stockbrokers will be able to sit through it with their withers unruined.

The Spanish Main (Gaumont). Pirates, buccaneers, pieces-of-eight, threats of hanging, floggings, Spanish Governors, daughters of Mexican Viceroys, dashing duels, prison escapes, elopements, unwilling marriages, ending with a fort whose guns cannot hit a frigate at a hundred yards. Here is the old romantic caboodle which I am persuaded Stevenson would have loved, and which a more sophisticated age regards as bosh mixed with drivel, and bunk diluted with twaddle. All, of course, in glorious Techni-horror, which is the modern equivalent of twopence-coloured. Not a film for grown-ups. How is it acted? Even if I were not at the end of my space I don't think I could be bothered to say.

Murder And The Macabre In A Cornish Mansion



Dame May Whitty as an accessory to murder

"My Name Is Julia Ross" With Nina Foch,
Dame May Whitty And George Macready.



• Based on the novel *The Woman in Red* by Anthony Gilbert, *My Name is Julia Ross* is the macabre and amazing story of a girl whose identity is changed by a murderer in a remote house in Cornwall. There he plans an unpleasant fate for her which will bring freedom for him. The story is that Julia Ross gets a job as a resident secretary to Mrs. Williamson Hughes (Dame May Whitty) and her son, Ralph (George Macready). Soon after her arrival she suddenly falls asleep, awaking two days later to find her clothing is different, monogrammed M. H., and that she is in the Hughes's estate in Cornwall. She learns that she is supposed to be Ralph's wife, Marian, that she had a breakdown and just returned from an institution. She is sure they are trying to drive her mad. Later events prove this to be true, and she consequently only just manages to escape with her life

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Right: Arnold Marle as the rather silent Arab philosopher whose reiterated line, "No foundation," gave both the critics and the audience of the play a true laugh



Walter Crisham (Joe), the young loafer with money and a good heart, with Arthur Sager (Tom), his admirer, disciple, errand boy, stooge and friend. Joe falls in love with street-walker Kitty Duval (Margaret Johnston, left), asks his friend Joe how he can make a living and marry her



Donald Reed, as Harry, a hooper, tragic-comedian who wants to make an audience laugh, but whose jokes are unfunny



George Pembroke (left). As Kit Carson, an old Indian fighter, a great tramp and romancer, he spins his yarns to Frederick Valk (Nick, the owner of the honky-tonk), a sentimental character who only wishes to live and let live

The Theatre

"The Time of Your Life" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

IN America, the adopted country of the Armenian author, Mr. William Saroyan, there are ardent Saroyanites and ferocious anti-Saroyanites. An anti-Saroyanite is likely to describe one of Mr. Saroyan's plays as "a collection of screwy dissonances, gaudy trills, touching pianissimos and mushy rubatos." Mr. Saroyan himself in prefaces, notes by the way, and postscripts leads the Saroyanites with good-humoured assurance. *My Heart's In The Highlands* is a classic, he affirms, and dispassionately records his belief that the greater and truer American theatre could begin its life only after the appearance and under the influence of this masterpiece.

For *The Time of Your Life* he advances no such epoch-making claims, but he thinks pretty well of it; and if he saw the production by English players at Hammersmith he would, I imagine, congratulate them on having risen splendidly to the opportunity of their lives.

Certainly his piece is worth seeing, if only for the acting, which is wholly delightful. It is also worth seeing—though not, perhaps, so well worth seeing—for itself.

IT consists of apparently casual conversation in a honky-tonk (a café with a small stage for vaudeville acts) on the San Francisco waterfront, and the conversation usually hinges on the apparently capricious observations of a young man who sits perpetually drunk at a table furnished with a glass, a bottle and an inexhaustible roll of dollar notes. He is a theatrically effective mixture of disillusionment and sentimentality. It hurts him to think of how much he must have hurt other people while he was working (or one suspects gambling) hard and making his money; but he enjoys spending it capriciously, and if anyone wants some for any purpose he lets them have it, drawing a melancholy satisfaction from the futility of their use of it.

He plays with toys, watching the little acrobat turning mechanical somersaults with an expression probably meant to suggest that the more he sees of men the more he likes toy acrobats; but the sentimental American in him cannot resist the pathos of a street walker who tearfully regrets the lost innocence of childhood. He perceives (or imagines) the truth of the girl's dream of respectability, and what of love there is in the almost loveless play carries the story of his rescue of the innocent child, first from her older self and then from a brutal detective who would keep her grown up and depraved and terrified for the satisfaction of his own sadistic cruelty.

BUT this story meanders and is often lost among all sorts of incidents unrelated to it, some of them comic, some pathetic, some poetic and some soaked in maudlin sentiment. But Mr. Saroyan has a sharp eye for character. There is Harry, who wants to be a song and dance comedian and can think of all sorts of funny things but can't make people laugh; Dudley, who is terribly in love but very drunk and always picking up the wrong woman on the telephone; Wesley, a negro pianist who wants only to play and finds to his surprise that it counts as work; Mary, a lady of quality who is sadly and gently bewildered by the experience of living; Kit, a prodigious and delightful liar on the subject of fighting Indians; Nick, the tough and well-meaning owner of the honky-tonk, who weeps when his fair-haired daughter finds him in a honky-tonk, weeps and gets drunk.

Each of these strays and failures and misfits, and several others, contributes at least one characteristic incident, and for some time they are fun to watch. Then, suddenly, I think, the thing becomes a bore. The theme on which these serio-comic incidents are strung is not big enough to sustain interest. The more the stage jumble changes the more it is the same thing.

One tires, for instance, of watching the marble game maniac bent over his pin-table in a state of prolonged ecstatic hope, and even when, far on in the second half, he achieves his ridiculous end and the machine blazes with lights and flags and plays "My Country 'Tis of Thee" it has long since ceased to be comic. More and more the reiterated pronouncement of the otherwise silent Arab, "No foundation," becomes our verdict on the play as an entertainment.

THREE is something the matter with a play that seems too long; and, on the other hand, it may be said that there is something in a play which lends itself continuously to good acting. Mr. Walter Crisham, Mr. Frederick Valk and Miss Margaret Johnston lead a company which has few if any weaknesses, and Mr. Peter Glenville produces the play as sympathetically as though he were American, or Armenian born. If we weary of the sentimental joke before the end the actors cannot be blamed: indeed I think that anyone who happened to see only the second half would make it his business at all costs to see the complete play. And now with the same company let us see *My Heart's In The Highlands*—that classic, after the appearance and under the influence of which the greater and truer American theatre, etc., etc.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Two Stars of Cabaret

Who are Brightening Post-War London



● Two bright stars who are helping to liven the lights of the post-war capital with considerable success are Daphne Barker and Sylvie St. Clair. Attractive Daphne Barker and her husband Jack are a team known to all lovers of cabaret and radio. Daphne Barker has now added to her considerable accomplishments by making a great success in her first film part in *Gaiety George*, which stars Ann Todd and Richard Greene, while both she and her husband have just finished a season at the Bagatelle, where they had the honour of appearing before H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. As versatile as she is talented, Daphne Barker is a no mean exponent of character parts, which the photograph on this page so aptly shows. A newcomer who is making her first appearance in cabaret at the Berkeley is Sylvie St. Clair, god-daughter of Alice Delysia. Born in Dunkirk, she spent several months in Germany entertaining the troops, and recently appeared in *The Rainbow Room* in New York. Her enchanting songs have proved such a success that, following her run at the Berkeley, she will appear in the new Beatrice Lillie revue *Better Late*.

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

NO COURTS THIS YEAR

No feather plumes, trains and white kid gloves will be seen at Court this first year of peace. The decision of the King not to hold evening Courts at Buckingham Palace was only finally reached after the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, and the Earl of Clarendon, who is primarily responsible for the arranging of Courts as Lord Chamberlain, had made exhaustive enquiries in various quarters as to the advisability of holding full ceremonial Courts.

Though many people will be disappointed, there is little doubt that what they recommended is the right decision.

Several evening receptions are being planned at the Palace, however, and later on there may be a Royal Garden Party. Pleasant though these functions will be, they cannot take the place, or provide all the fun and excitement of a regular Court.

ROYALTY AT THE THEATRE

A GLANCE at the engagement diaries of Their Majesties and Princess Elizabeth shows a tendency to return to the happy, peacetime functions that Royalty themselves always enjoy. There is the Royal reopening of Covent Garden with a ballet, and two Royal theatre matinees for a favourite charity of Their Majesties', King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. The King and Queen have promised to attend an all-star revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, at the Haymarket, and Princess Elizabeth is going to see the Old Vic Company in *Oedipus Rex*, at the New Theatre.

LONDON DANCE

HUGE bowls of mixed spring flowers were a glorious sight in all the rooms at the dance which the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet gave in London for her only daughter, Mary. The heroine of the evening looked radiant in a lovely white dress, embroidered all over with iridescent sequins. This was made from a Court

dress which had belonged to her grandmother, the late Lady Portman.

Like many of the young girls present, Miss Emmet would in normal times have had her coming-out dance three years ago, but the war prevented this, and instead she went straight from school into the W.R.N.S., where she became exceedingly efficient in the handling of small craft.

Capt. Garland Emmet helped his wife to receive the guests, and their elder son, Jim, was also busy looking after young friends. Mrs. Emmet looked charming in a blue lace dress, with which she wore a superb diamond necklace. There were many attractive debutantes at this party, which went with a swing right from the start until the small hours of the morning. After supper there was a cabaret in the ballroom, Jack and Daphne Barker entertaining the guests with many of their clever songs.

YOUNG PARTIES

AMONG those who brought parties to the A dance were Viscountess Galway, with her daughters, the Hon. Mary and the Hon. Isabel Monckton-Arundell; Lady Caroline Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's younger girl; Lady Anne Cavendish, Lord Bruce and Mr. North Dalrymple-Hamilton. The Hon. Mrs. Tommy Emmet brought a party of young friends with her son and daughter, Christopher and Lavinia. The latter, who wore brown, had her lovely fair hair dressed neatly, a welcome change from the rather loose and untidy coiffures of so many girls these days.

Mrs. Kathleen Stourton brought a large party, including her two daughters, Mary and Monica, and her son, Michael, with Lady Elizabeth Lumley, the second of the Earl and Countess of Scarborough's daughters, Lady Elizabeth Fitzmaurice, the Hon. Caroline Scott-Montague, Miss Jennifer Bevin and Col. the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard. Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme brought the Hon. Enid Paget, in black velvet, and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, who looked pretty in white, in

their party. Lord Holmpatrick's sister, the Hon. Caroline Hamilton, was another young girl wearing white. She arrived with her cousin, Lord Swansea, and Mr. Paul Methuen in Mrs. Wheatley's party. Others at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Weldon with Col. and the Hon. Mrs. du Buisson. Lady Portman brought a party of young friends with her elder girl Sheila. The Hon. Marcus Pelham was there with his wife and their daughter Janet, who was dancing energetically the whole evening. Miss Maria Speed, looking pretty in a printed dress, was dancing with Mr. Jeremy Cubitt, who is in the Coldstream Guards. Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan brought their son and daughter. Mrs. Jack Speed, wearing a beautiful diamond brooch on her blue dress, was dancing with Major Cadel. Lady Margaret Fortescue, Miss June Abel Smith, the Hon. Mary Boscawen, Lady Mary Cambridge, Miss Babette Falcke and Miss Patricia Bailey were just a few of the attractive young girls I saw dancing; while the young men included Lord Fairfax, Major David Smiley, Mr. Charles Smith Ryland, Mr. John Wiggin, the Hon. Charles Stourton, the Hon. Joseph Dormer and Capt. Derek Hague.

Egyptian Reception

H. E. THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR was At Home in the Egyptian Embassy to nearly 1000 guests on the anniversary of the birthday of H.M. King Farouk of Egypt. For nearly two hours, guests, including many members of the Diplomatic Corps, Members of Parliament, the House of Lords and Delegates to the General Assembly of the United Nations, mounted the wide marble staircase to shake hands with their host and pass on into the fine reception rooms of this magnificent house in South Audley Street. Mme. Gusev, the charming wife of the Soviet Ambassador, wearing a red hat with her black coat, was one of the first people I met.

Lord Iliffe, accompanied by his tall and pretty daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Langton



Wedding Reception at the May Fair Hotel, London

G/Capt. C. P. Green, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous Battle of Britain pilot, and his bride, Miss E. R. Webster, of Toronto, Canada



G/Capt. the Hon. Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.A.F., and Conservative M.P. for Holborn, with Mrs. Lindsay



Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander and His Wife in Ireland

The Field-Marshal and Lady Alexander ready for a drive together with Anita Leslie and Lord Caledon, in the grounds of Sir Shane Leslie's home, Glaslough



The Earl of Caledon, Lady Margaret Alexander, the Field-Marshal, Lady Leslie, Anita Leslie and Sir Shane Leslie, Bt., pose for a photograph

Ilfie, was enjoying a joke with Marie Marchioness of Willingdon. Sir Thomas Cook I met getting some tea for Lady Martin, the attractive wife of Sir Ernest Martin, who told me she was off to their home in Yorkshire next day. The Saudi Arabian delegate, Emir Feisal, came to the party with other members of his delegation and was talking to Sir Alexander Cadogan. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who must find his height such an advantage in a crowded gathering like this, was accompanied by his wife, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd.

There were several members of the Royal Household at the party, including the Earl of Clarendon, Sir John Monck, Lord Ammon and Sir Alan Lascelles, the King's Secretary, who was accompanied by Lady Lascelles.

MORE GUESTS

OTHERS I saw at the party were Lord and Lady Jowitt, Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, Viscount Camrose, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, the Earl of Cromer, Viscount Elibank, Lord Leathers, Lord Monkswell, Sir David and Lady Scott and Viscount Knollys, who left a few days later by air for Australia and South America in connection with our air routes. Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, whom I met a little later, told me his wife was at the party too, but, unfortunately, I never found her in the crowd!

Mr. Hare was at the party with his charming wife. They have their two little sons in London with them, who will go to school here. Their father will probably be at the American Embassy in London, where he is first secretary, for some time. Mr. Arthur Rank, Sir Louis Greig, Catherine Lady Headley, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Sir George and Lady Rendel, Major Beamish and Sir Charles Macandrew were just a few of the other guests at the reception, as well as all the members of the Egyptian Embassy.

ENGLISH DEBUT OF FRENCH 'CHASER

At the last Windsor meeting there was a big attendance both days. The high spot of the programme was the White Hart Steeplechase on the second day, when Lord Stalbridge's Grand National entrant, Red Rower, beat the French horse Jalgreya by a neck at the end of this three-mile race. This was a splendid performance, as Red Rower was conceding 7 lb. to the Frenchman, who had arrived in this country with a big reputation.

Lord Stalbridge, who trains as well as owns Red Rower, was delighted with his success and was receiving many congratulations after the race. Lord Bicester also won a race with his National aspirant Silver Flame, beating Countess

Munster's Good Date, with her sister, Lady Stavordale's Wake Robin, third. Both sisters were there to see their horses run, accompanied by their husbands, Count Paul Munster and Lord Stavordale.

OTHER SPECTATORS

OTHER keen supporters of the winter sport of racing were Lady Sibell Rowley, who tied a woollen scarf warmly over her cap when the driving rain started; Mrs. Tony Bellville with her daughter, Belinda, who is getting as keen on racing as her mother; Col. and Mrs. Mark Roddick, who had come up from their new home in Gloucestershire; Mr. Peter Cazalet, who has made a successful start as a trainer this season and had his first two winners at the Fontwell meeting the week before; Major and Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe, who are moving up north in the spring to live at Clifton Castle, in Yorkshire. Also in the "members'" were Capt. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, Sir Francis and Lady Towle, who were off to Brussels a few days later; Major Edward Studd, Major Gerard Leigh, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, the former one of our best amateur riders, who is now back in England and had his first ride over fences this season at the meeting; Mrs. Carlos Clark, the Hon. Henry and Mrs. Tufton, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Major and Mrs. Bankier.



More Bemedalled Friends of the Bridegroom

G/Capt. John Grandi, another famous Battle of Britain pilot, with his wife



W/Cdr. D. P. Paton and Miss Jasmine Bligh, one of the B.B.C.'s foremost television hostesses



Hounds Move Off After the Meet

Some eight hundred people assembled at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, for the first Hunt Ball since 1939. The hunt this season is being managed by a committee composed of Capt. Desmond Abel Smith, Mr. Dean, Mr. Henson and Mr. W. F. Ransom. The following day the Blankney Hounds met at the Officers' Mess, Cranwell, when the Commanding Officer entertained a large field.



Two of the four members of the Hunt Committee :
Mr. J. G. Henson and Capt. Desmond Abel Smith,
who is the chairman



Mrs. W. F. Ransom, wife of one of the
members of the Hunt Committee, and
Mr. R. Fincham, of Metherington

Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, who is a former
Commandant of Cranwell, with Miss N.
Platt and Mr. S. M. Turner



The Station Commander, A/Cdr. Atcherley,
the Schneider Cup winner, with Miss S. K.
Wyld



W/Cdr. O'Neill, Miss J. Macindoe, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Ralph
Sorley, Air Officer Commanding Technical Training Command
and Lady Sorley

Blankney Hunt Ball at Cranwell R.A.F. Cadet College



Cranwell R.A.F. Cadet College Floodlit for the Hunt Ball



Col. M. H. du Boulay and Miss J. Buchanan. Many members of neighbouring hunts attended the ball



The Hon. Julian Mond, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Melchett, with Miss Bridget Lowther



Mrs. E. P. MacFadden, S/Ldr. R. McRobbie, Miss L. M. A. Adlercron with her father, Brig.-Gen. R. L. Adlercron, C.B.E., D.S.O., late Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, who hunts with the Belvoir

General View of the Reception Hall at Cranwell Cadet College

Mothers and

Children



Mrs. David Nares and Her Daughter

Mrs. David Nares is the wife of Major David Nares, R.A., the only surviving son of the late Owen Nares and Mrs. Nares. Mrs. Nares is the only daughter of Sir Thomas Thompson and Mrs. Patrick Crohan. Her daughter, Caroline Harriette, was born in 1940.



Mrs. Alan Low and Her Infant Son

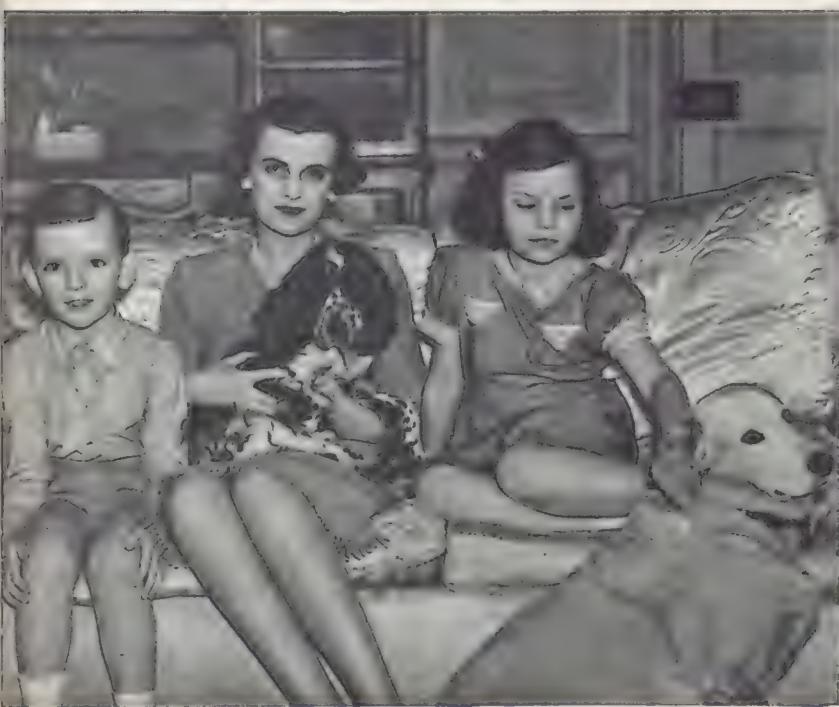
Mrs. Alan C. M. Low, holding her son, Andrew, is the daughter of John Goss, the singer. She herself is a Fellow of the Institute of the Horse. Her father is also the author of a novel, and has compiled several anthologies

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Compton Collier,
T. H. Everitt and
Swaebe



Mrs. Woosnam-Mills and Her Children

Mrs. Woosnam-Mills with her children, Antonia, born in May 1940, and her son, Antonia, two years younger. Her husband is the author and wrote the well-remembered "Shadow Crusade" and "French Hazard"



Mrs. Sweeney with Her Son and Daughter

Mrs. Sweeney photographed with her son, Bryan, and her daughter, Frances, and two canine friends who appear to take the camera rather seriously. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Whigham, and worked during the war for the American Red Cross.



Mrs. Charles Blackett and Her Two Daughters

Mrs. Blackett is the wife of Major Charles Blackett, eldest son of Sir Hugh Douglas Blackett, of Matfen Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Before her marriage in 1935 she was Miss Ursula Mary Cely-Trevilian, daughter of the late Major Maurice Cely-Trevilian, of Midelney Manor, Taunton.

Christening Parties—



Actor's Baby

Leslie Virginia Dearing, daughter of Lieut. Peter Dearing, R.N., was christened at St. Paul's Church, Mill Hill. The baby was born in New York, and being of British parentage has dual nationality.



Grandson of Former High Court Judge

Thomas Charles, infant son of Lieut.-Colonel G. D. S. Crossman, was christened at St. Mary's Church, Loughton, Essex. He is a grandson of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Crossman. The picture shows the two other Crossman children, Gay and Stafford, with their parents and nurse



Squadron-Leader's Son

Mrs. H. R. Feilding with her baby son, John Henry Christopher, who was christened at St. Paul's Catholic Church, Haywards Heath. She is the wife of S/Ldr. the Hon. Hugh Richard Feilding



A Third Son in the Family

Charles Henry Cordle, whose christening took place at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, London, is the third son of F/Lt. and Mrs. John Cordle. The baby is being held by his godmother, the Countess of Craven



Lord Leathers' Granddaughter

Rosemary Elizabeth, infant daughter of Major the Hon. and Mrs. Leathers, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is seen with her mother and father and her grandparents, Lord and Lady Leathers

TATLER WESTCENT LONDON ANGLETERRE
PRISCILLA REGRETS PREVENTED SENDING BY ILLNESS

So Denise writes this week's

PARIS LETTER



Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham is received on Dübendorf Military Airfield by Swiss Army officer, Oberstbrigadier Magron



R.A.F. Exhibition in Zurich

Director-General Jelmoli makes a speech at the opening of the R.A.F. Exhibition in Zurich. Behind him are Federal President Kobelt, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham, Mrs. Kobelt and General Guisan

February 19th, 1946.
T HOUGH there is a feeling of spring in the air in Paris now, it rains and is close and hot. Flowers are out, but not straw hats. Parisiennes are still wearing dark felts, and there are, as yet, no straw hats in the shop windows.

This *demi-saison*, though, is bringing out the new spring suits, with long jackets and tight skirts. The weather is producing a new fashion in umbrellas, fancy affairs finished with big ribbon bows on the top of the ferrule, and handles bound with coloured cord. They provide bright colour along the boulevards and enhance the black and dark colours still worn in Paris.

Two Personalities

T WO personalities provide the week's small-talk in the Paris bars—a financier and a hen.

The financier, M. André Philip, noted and trusted as one of France's present-day great men, proposes drastic cuts in the Army and the Civil Service. His suggestion of cutting the standing Army down by 60,000 is causing a certain amount of alarm to numerous French families, who for generations have made military matters their career.

For all that, his economics are respected. The French know they must put their sons into industry and commerce, and are prepared to follow where M. Philip leads.

Seventy-three Eggs in Eleven Hours

T HE hen, Gaby, is a Roman, white, and weighs about 3 lbs. One afternoon around five o'clock she started laying eggs, and by eleven at night had laid twenty-seven without showing any signs of fatigue. A priest and a veterinary surgeon were called in. The next day she started laying again at seven in the morning, and by midday, when she gave up, she had laid forty-six. All the eggs were like any other eggs, neither smaller nor larger, and each around the same weight as the others. Further, she took trouble to lay them quite carefully in a basket—*s'agit d'une poule et non d'un canard*. . . .

A Schoolgirl's Diary

M ARTINE TOUCHAUD, seventeen-year-old niece of Pierre Brisson, of the *Figaro*, has just had a book published—a diary of all that happened to herself and her friends since the evacuation.

Her mother first suggested it, as a means of giving her daughter something to do during the holidays, and also as a record for her father to read when he came home. The book is full of detail and observation—descriptions of the new rooms they moved to, of places, people and parcels, the frantic and sometimes funny efforts of individuals to get hold of cooking utensils and a few potatoes.

The book is the French equivalent of *The Young Ambassadors*, which Angela Pelham, the fifteen-year-old British school-girl, wrote of the adventures of herself and brothers and sisters when they were evacuated to America.

Paris Arrivals

I N good time for the Haute Couture Collections this week is Princess Faiza, sister of King Farouk of Egypt. She has arrived in Paris with her husband and is looking forward to ordering a lot of new clothes during her stay. There is an air of mystery in the capital—feverish working behind the scenes in the great salons, much speculation by women guests in the hotels as to what the new lines will be for spring and summer.

Mme. Line Vautrin, small, dark, with a mass of soft hair rolled into a bang on her forehead, is responsible for a much-sought-after variety of trinkets, brooches, buttons, powder compacts and cigarette-cases, beautifully chiselled in gold metal and plastics.

Under the lid of her powder compacts she engraves poetry—lift the flap and read Verlaine: “*Il pleure dans mon cœur*. . . .”

News-boy

L ÉO MALET, a poor boy who used to sell newspapers at the corner of la rue des Petits-Champs and la rue St. Anne, is a man of imagination. His novel, *120 rue de la Gare*, is to be filmed. While Malet sold papers he made up surrealist poetry. Later he got a job in a Renault factory; later still exchanged the machine he worked on there for a typewriter, on which he tapped political articles about America. He had never been to America, felt he knew it from the films. In between political articles he started long, involved detective novels, created a character called “Detective Dynamite Burma,” and in one of his many books about this personality, landed him with five murders to solve in the first hundred pages. One of his enthusiastic readers asked the imaginative Malet if he worked out the solution to these crimes before he started writing. “*Je n'en sais jamais plus long que mon héros!*” he replied.

Pat on the Back

T HE English film *Millions Like Us*, translated “*Ceux de chez nous*,” which, according to Clarté's film critic Jean Quéval is a miracle of intelligent translation, is drawing the cinema crowds. English films are, as a rule, very badly translated into French, but this one is outstandingly good. It is filling the cinema where it is being shown. French critics wonder why. It is not, they say, a great film, but suggest the reason for its great popularity is its obvious sincerity and truth.

A Sussex Artist and His Family

At His Home, "Four Winds,"
Petworth

Claude Muncaster assumed his nom de plume when he embarked on a painting career at the age of sixteen, and has recently adopted this name by deed poll. He was Oliver Grahame Hall, second son of Oliver Hall, the R.A., and adopted another name mainly because he did not wish to ascribe any success he might attain to the influence of his father. It was only the following summer after he had left school that two of his water-colours appeared in the Royal Academy, while in 1929-30, wanting to learn as much about the sea and ships as possible, he went on a trip on a tramp steamer to Melbourne as a deck hand, and from there as a hand on a four-masted barque, the *Olivebank*. The story of his adventures aboard that ship has been told in his delightful book *Rolling Island and the Horn*. During the war Claude Muncaster served for five years in the R.N.V.R., and for some time acted as adviser to the division of the Admiralty responsible for the camouflage of ships. He was married in 1933, and his wife was formerly the Hon. Primrose Balfour, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Riverdale. They have two sons, Martin, aged eleven and a half, and Clive, a year and a half younger



Claude Muncaster at Work in His Studio

Photographs by G. G. Garland, Petworth



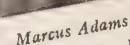
Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Muncaster with Martin and Clive

THE STORY OF A FAMILY HEIRLOOM



Marcus Adams
Lady Tryon with her children, Patricia and Anthony. She is the wife of Brig. Lord Tryon, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, commanding 5th Guards Brigade. Lady Tryon was Miss Dreda Burrell, and is the daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell, Bt., of Floodgates, Horsham, Sussex

A miniature of Vice-Admiral Tryon, painted when he was Lieutenant twenty-five. The portrait bears his signature.





Marcus Adams
The Hon. Anthony George Merrik Tryon, now six
years old, wearing the costume



The present Brig. Lord Tryon, D.S.O., in the
Raleigh costume; he was then almost six years old

More than seventy-two years ago, a proud sailor came home from the sea and ordered a fancy-dress costume to be made for his small son—a miniature Sir Walter Raleigh costume—to commemorate the first ship he ever commanded, H.M.S. Raleigh.

The sailor was Captain George Tryon, who rose to be a Vice-Admiral and who was noted for his brilliant reforms in the Navy before he died at sea in 1893. He was born in 1832, the third of four brothers. All except he went into the Army.

The material evidence of his pride remains to-day in the Tryon family. The costume was carefully kept, handed down from generation to generation. George Clement Tryon, for whom it was made, and who in 1910 became the first Baron, and later was Postmaster-General, kept it for his son, Charles George Vivian Tryon, now commanding the 5th Guards Brigade in Germany.

These special Tatler pictures of the Tryon family show two interesting points—the quite remarkable family resemblance among the Tryon men, and the splendid manner in which the Vice-Admiral's Sir Walter Raleigh costume has been preserved.



H.E. Jan Masaryk, from Czechoslovakia, Dr. S. L. Simpson and the Rt. Hon. P. J. Noel Baker, M.P.

A Luncheon in Honour of U.N.O. Delegates



Major A. Huskisson, Prof. Sergey B. Krylov, of the U.S.S.R., and H.E. Paul Ruegger, the Swiss Minister in London



Mr. Mohammed Reda, from Saudi Arabia, being received by Dr. S. L. Simpson

• A luncheon was held recently in honour of the delegates of the United Nations Organisation in the Simpsons Services Club. Dr. S. L. Simpson presided, and the Rt. Hon. P. J. Noel Baker, Minister of State and a United Kingdom Delegate to the U.N.O., proposed the toast, to which Mr. Masaryk replied



H.E. the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, and M. Offray, from France

Admiral H. Kent Hewitt, K.C.B., C.-in-C.
U.S. Naval Forces in Europe

H.E. Gabriel Dennis, the delegate from Liberia,
and H.E. Fares Al Khoury, from Syria

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Wet Bobs

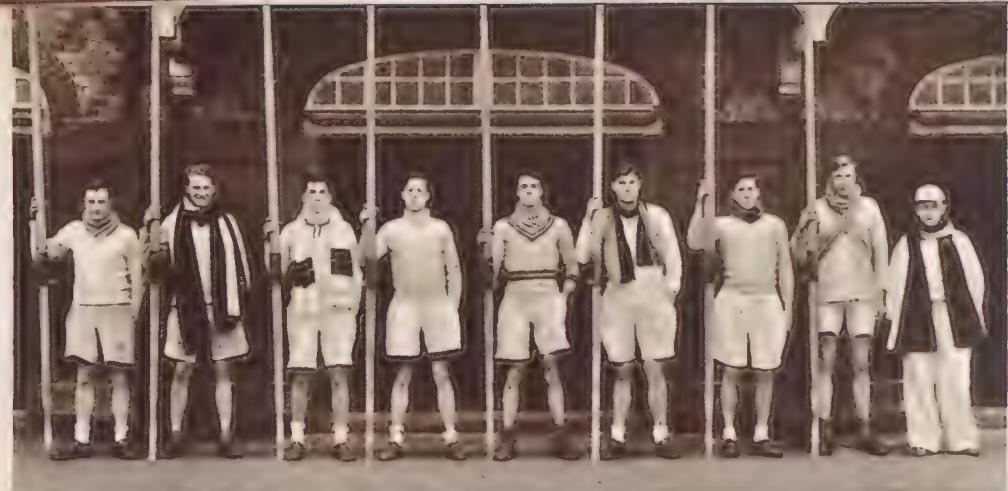
"AND the Eight, poor souls, whose meat is hard steak and a harder hen!" So runs the old ballad, and the line has always caused a pang in the feeling heart. I suggest that it should cause an even keener one in this first year of piping peace. We know that Varsity crews are tough, but the steak, which is their rightful and proper food, is tougher still in its austerity expression. As to the hen, the mere mention of her, hard or otherwise, is a hollow mockery. She would appear to be as rare as the roc. Quite seriously, can we expect the peacetime steak, a hangover from its wartime cousin, who, to its credit, never pretended to be a real steak, to put the same beef into these sixteen jolly young watermen now hard at it getting ready for that strenuous voyage from Putney to the Brewery (March 30th) as used to that juicy and usually sanguinary cut in the days of six or seven years ago? Personally, I doubt whether this *ersatz* thing which to-day we encounter, would even prove to be a remedy for what is called by The Fancy "a mouse on the angle."

B for Bogskar

A interesting letter from "X.R.H." à propos my recent note on poor young "Kim" Muir and the Foxhunters' Steeplechase of 1940, tells me that he and Tetray did get the course, and the writer thinks, finished about sixth. These are the official placings of the eight who passed the post and were duly noted by the judge: Nushirawan, O'Dell, Venturesome Knight, Safety Pin, Kendal Kid, Sunny Halo, Blue Flame and Primrose Day. Tetray must have been remounted and finished after everyone's attention was directed elsewhere. I can well understand that he would have been, if the gallant young owner had half a chance. My correspondent then continues about the 1940 Grand National:

I Squadron 10th Hussars were listening-in on the tank wirelesses—sudden defects in the sets appeared like magic five minutes before the race. A week or so later I shared a razor with Kim at 5 o'clock one morning in France, and never saw him again. Incidentally, all the tanks in B Squadron were christened with B race-horse names, Blenheim and so forth, and as a new officer I called mine Bogskar, having had a nice win. It subsequently lasted about one minute on the "race course," but I shall back Bogskar again at 40 to 1.

I wish "X.R.H." luck, but I fear that it may not be those odds! His stable companion, Red April, is at 20 to 1, and Red Rower also 20 to 1. Bogskar has 10 st. 9 lb., Red April 11 st. 7 lb., Red Rower 11 st. 7 lb. Bogskar is thirteen years old, Red April nine years old and Red Rower eleven years, and Anno Domini, therefore, may have some say. There is always this in favour of any horse that has previously faced these mountainous obstacles, namely, that he has learnt how to look over the top, instead of at the roots—a great recipe for both horse and man. This goes for the latter in many other things besides riding over obstacles! Sticking your chin out is also a very bad plan, almost as bad as having your hands up under it. I have found that the lower they are the higher the animal will jump. Lord Stalbridge has said for publication that Red Rower will win the National, and I think he is justified in his confidence. Last year's Gold Cup winner gave the French grey Jalgrey 7 lb. and a neck beating at Windsor on the 16th, and at Aintree has only to give him 1 lb., but three miles of Windsor are not 4 miles 856 yards of Aintree. Nevertheless, the best of luck to the ex-Master of the Fernie.



The Oxford University Boat-Race Crew

The Oxford crew are to race Cambridge from Putney to Mortlake for the first time since 1939, on March 30th. (L. to r.): R. M. T. Raikes (Radley and Trinity), R. T. Turner Warwick (Bedales and Oriel; President), D. G. Jameson (Radley and Magdalen), J. R. W. Gleave (Uppingham and Magdalen), J. R. L. Carstairs (St. Edward's and Christ Church), J. R. Smith (Oundle and Oriel), P. N. Brodie (Oundle and Oriel), R. M. A. Bourne (Eton and New College; stroke), E. Ebsworth Snow (Eton and Magdalen; cox)

Thinning Out

THE process has already started in the Grand National, and, of course, will continue. Poor Flame has been ticketed doubtful, and Prince Blackthorn has already gone. Poor Flame is only a young horse as chasers go, and it might be that a smashing fall over these big fences would damage him more than just physically, so, if Mrs. Nelson should decide to keep him at home for another year, who could blame her? He goes at them what they call "gay," which is quite the right spirit, and I am sure the only way for these big and very wide fences, for they have got to be had at speed or not at all; but the thick end of 4½ miles of them is a pretty heavy strain for any novice, no matter how good he may be. It was evident that Prince Blackthorn would not have stood up in the National, good one I am certain that he is, and Lord Bicester was wise not to risk knocking him out. The bookmakers seem to be quite ready to open their shoulders about his other two, Farragon 33 to 1 and Red Prince 50's. However, that is their business, not ours! The great contest is, as ever, a tangle, and this year seems to be more so than ever with so many newcomers. I think many people would be pleased to see that little bantam cock, Chaka, win it. If courage can do it, he is home and dry! As to the Frenchmen, no one, excepting the Frenchmen, can really know. All that they say is that Jalgrey is not their best. Auteuil is so very unlike Aintree. Those who have seen the Deauville course, with its ramps and drops, one 5 ft., or 8 ft. from the top of the obstacle, will recall what very unusual obstacles are

sometimes to be found on Continental courses. Aintree is just an honest-to-goodness stand-up and knock-down fight offered to the one who can remain in the ring the longest. There are no trick fences, and even the drop at Becher's is only slight, although the Press photographers always try to make it look absolutely horrible.

The Lincoln

IT would seem to savour of a waste of good time even to attempt to pick one to win on April 3rd before we get the acceptances, because, as it presents itself to me, there are even more "ifs" than usual in this race, which is just as big a betting risk as the National. Racing people, however, are proverbially buck-sticks, and the weights have set all their tongues wagging. "They" say, for instance, that 9 st. 7 lb. to the three top-weights is as good as saying "Keep out!", even though Flamenco won it with 9 st. in 1935 and Clorane with 9 st. 4 lb. in 1896. Personally, I should not think that it was worth while risking such a valuable one as Midas at the weight given him, and I am sure that we had better look for the winner amongst the hurdlers. One stands out as the quality horse of that lot, Miss Dorothy Paget's Sun Storm, formerly better known as the Tornadic colt. If it is decided to run him, 9 st. 1 lb. will not stop him. Give a dog a bad name and hang him has always been an unfair saying, and though last season this son of Solario did not bring his supporters' money home when they thought he should have done upon one or two occasions, he seems to have changed completely since they have put him over hurdles.



The Cambridge University Boat-Race Crew

D. R. Stuart

The Cambridge crew who are to race Oxford from Putney to Mortlake. (L. to r.): J. S. Paton Philip (Perse and St. John's; bow), T. J. Sullivan (Oundle and Clare), P. L. P. Macdonnell (Upper Canada College, Toronto, and Trinity Hall), M. A. Nicholson (Eton and King's), G. C. Thomas (Shrewsbury and Jesus), J. G. Gosse (St. Peter's College, South Australia, and Trinity Hall), M. J. Allman-Ward (Oundle and Christ's), J. H. Neame (Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon, U.S.A., and Trinity Hall; stroke), G. H. C. Fisher (Kingswood and Trinity; cox)



Polo on the Gold Coast

The Army team l. to r.: Capt. Haggie (R.A.M.C.), Sgt. Young (R.A.), Col. T. Spann (R.E.M.E.), Col. A. Dunlop (A. and S.H.)

On the occasion of the final at Accra of the Army against the Civilian Polo Trophy, the Army team won 5-3. The Army team—l. to r.: Sgt. Young (R.A.), Col. A. Dunlop (A. and S. H.; captain), Lt.-Gen. Brocas Burrows (G.O.C.-in-C., W.A.C.; referee), Col. T. Spann (R.E.M.E.), Capt. Haggie (R.A.M.C.)

Sporting Newsreel

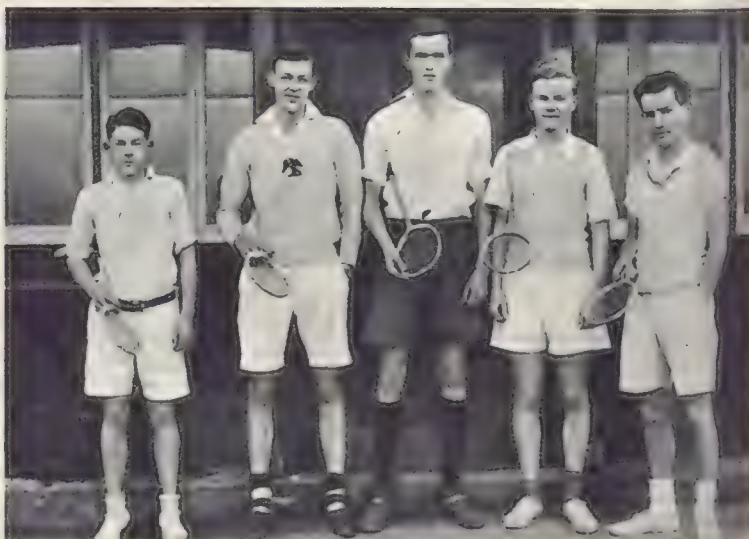
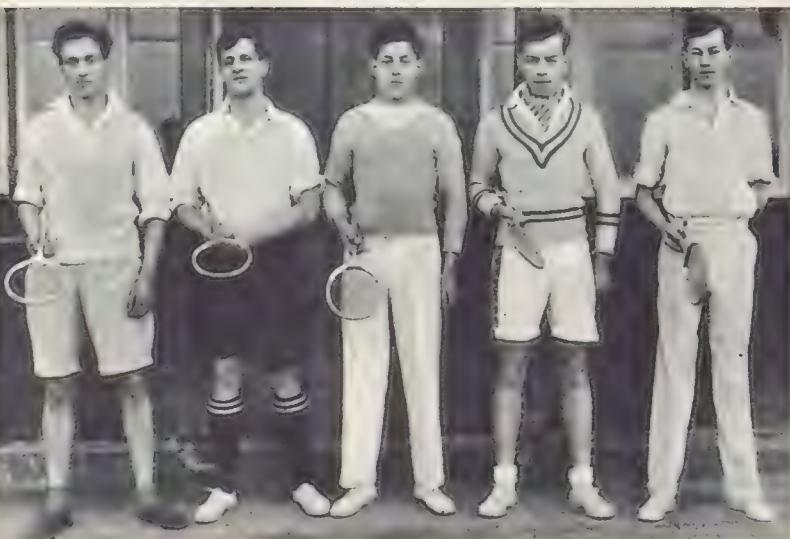
From England and Abroad



The Hockey Association Beat the Royal Navy Hockey Team by Two Goals to Nil

The Hockey Association have not lost a match this season, and so far have defeated the Royal Navy XI. at Castlebar Park, Ealing, by 2 goals to 0 in the snow. Sitting: Rev. C. E. L. Johnston, R. E. Pearmund, Major P. R. Thomas (captain), L. W. A. Osborne, C. K. S. Smith. Standing: E. D. R. Eager, J. R. Bridger, A. I. Martyn, J. Marks, E. Forster, J. Dossetor

The Royal Navy hockey side. Sitting: T. W. D. Matheson, R.N.V.R., Lt. T. Miroy, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lt.-Cdrs. J. A. L. Leeming, R.N.V.R., Wildish, R.N., A. Sinclair, R.N. Standing: Capt. R. Le Mesurier, R.M., Sub-Lt. W. J. Soames, R.N., Lt. L. D. Hamlyn, R.N., Lt./Cdrs. Wainwright (captain), A. Davies, R.N., H. Brearley, R.N.



Public Schools Squash Rackets Match at Surbiton Squash Rackets Club

D. R. Stuart

The South of the Thames Public Schools team beat North of the Thames. Standing: D. S. Kemp (Tonbridge), P. P. Benham (Hurstpierpoint), J. R. Barrington (Brighton; captain), T. H. Moore (Clayesmore), G. R. G. Brown (King's College, Wimbledon)

North of the Thames Public Schools lost to South of the Thames recently. Standing: P. A. Griffith (Brentwood), P. V. C. Hurst (Haileybury), A. V. Alexander (Harrow; captain), C. Adam (Stoneyhurst), J. S. V. Davey (Malvern)



Capt. V. H. Bennet, with Lord Stavordale, son and heir of the Earl of Ilchester, and the Hon. Philip Kindersley, younger surviving son of Lord Kindersley

Radiance, owned by Mr. A. T. Ward, was one of the runners in the White Hart Optional Chase, won by Lord Stalbridge's Red Rover

Jalgrey, a French horse, has a great reputation in France as a chaser, and ran second to Red Rover

"Tatler" Goes to the Windsor Races



Mrs. Peter Townsend, whose husband, W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, is Equerry to H.M. the King

Lady Stavordale, with her sister, Countess Munster, whose horses came in third and second respectively in the Henry VII. Handicap

Major Michael Barclay and Lady Frankland, widow of Sir Thomas Frankland. She has a three-year-old son



Major Spiller with Miss Mary Simmonds in the paddock



Major Fanshawe and Mrs. Wilson were among those who braved the bad weather



Mrs. Philip Dunne, who was well booted against the mud, and Mr. Robert Coe

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MAN was travelling home by Underground and in the crush was jammed so tightly against the doors of the lift that he was nearly suffocated and had to be taken home by ambulance.

The policeman who accompanied him knocked several times on the door of his house, and at length a voice came from inside : " Who is it ? "

" Your husband is here," answered the arm of the law, " He's been crushed flat as a pancake in the Underground, and I've brought him home."

" Well, slide him under the door," was the reply from inside, " I'm in my bath."

A N exploration party in the hinterland of Peru reached a point some hundred miles from Iquitos after a fortnight's hard going, and were unfortunate enough to strike an area of dense jungle and steaming swamps.

During the usual afternoon rest near one of these, a member of the party noticed another pacing up and down, a worried look on his face. He stopped him and asked what was wrong.

" You know," replied the man, seriously, " I keep thinking to-day's Thursday."

" Noo, son," said Macpherson, " just double up your fists like this—verra tightly."

" Och, for shame on ye, Sandy," interrupted his wife, " teaching the wee bairn to fight an' him only three years old."

" I wasn't teaching him to fight. I was just showing the laddie how to carry a penny safely."

A N Englishman was on a visit to a foreign country and dropped in one day to a restaurant for a meal. As he knew not a word of any language but his own, he pointed to various items on the menu and hoped that the results would be good. One dish in particular he liked very much indeed, and he thought it was duck, prepared in some fashion or other. When the waiter came along, the Englishman pointed to his plate, and raising his eyebrows to a question mark, asked : " Quack, quack ? "

The waiter smiled. " Oh, no, sir ! " he replied in English. " What you have just eaten was puss, puss ! "



" Now make this next bit sound fearfully sarcastic "

Two bandits walked into a Chicago bank and emptied the till of 100,000 dollars.

As they were about to dash out with the money the cashier spoke.

" Say, boys," he ventured, " would you mind doing me a favour ? "

The first bandit paused.

" Well, what is it ? " he growled. " We haven't got all day, you know."

The cashier nodded.

" I know," he admitted, " but this will only take a minute. Outside the bank there's a sign reading ' Assets—2,000,000 dollars.' Would you mind changing it to ' 1,900,000 dollars ' ? "

THE children in a class at school were asked to name the Ages.

One child submitted the following effort : " The Ice Age, The Stone Age, The Dark Age, and The Short Age."



" Miss Edmunds—you haven't eaten a thing "

AT the ship's store of a naval station, a young sailor was patiently awaiting his turn to buy a present for his wife, a Navy nurse. A Navy wife elbowed her way ahead of him in line.

" Beg pardon, madam," said the sailor, " I got here first."

The woman drew herself up. " My husband is an officer," she snapped.

" What rank ? "

" Ensign."

" Sorry," said the sailor, stepping ahead, " My wife's a lieutenant."

THREE Chinamen were picked up by the " Feds " in New York for putting too much dope in the starch, and were brought before the judge for sentence. The judge looked down at the first one, " What's your name ? " he asked.

" Ah Lung," replied the Chinaman.

" All right, Ah Lung," said the judge. " Six months." He peered at the second one. " What's your name ? " he inquired.

" Ah Chung," was the response.

" All right, Ah Chung," droned the judge. " Six months for you, too."

He scowled down at the third Chinaman. " What's your name ? " he asked again.

This man grinned.

" Ah Hell," he replied. " I suppose I get six months, anyway ! "



" —Then we have a nice set here, Madam—made by a firm that used to build bombers "

THE landlord was making a last attempt to collect rent from his hard-up tenant—a poet.

When the landlord had said his piece in angry tones, the poet spoke : " Why, you ought to pay me for living here. In a few years' time people will be looking up at this miserable attic and saying : ' That's where Miller the poet used to live. ' "

" Well," said the landlord, " they needn't wait all that time. If you don't pay me by noon to-day they can say it to-morrow."

AT Jaro, on Panay, an American soldier picked some fruit. It looked delicious, but to make sure he strolled over to a Filipino youngster, pointed to his mouth, then to the fruit and looked inquiringly at the boy. After going through this routine several times with out result, he turned in despair to an approaching doughboy. " I was trying to find out if this was good to eat," he explained.

The young Filipino's face brightened : " Hell, yes," he said. " It's got Vitamin B."

A MAN on the coast of Florida wrote to a New York store for a barometer. When it arrived he unpacked it and discovered that the instrument was set at " Hurricane. "

He tapped it, and it did not budge. He hung it on the wall, tapped it again, and still it did not move.

Very annoyed, he sat down and wrote a strong letter of protest to the store, and went out to post it.

When he returned the house as well as the new barometer had been blown away.

A MAN and his wife, out for a walk, called in to the bar of an hotel for a drink. The husband asked for a pint of beer and the wife for a cocktail.

When they were served, the woman asked the barman for a cherry for her drink, but he didn't understand what she meant and fetched the manager, who supplied one. Upon which the barman exclaimed to the husband : " What would you like in your pint—a toffee-apple ? "

A CERTAIN judge who was an ardent golfer had a case before him in which he felt it necessary to ask one of the witnesses, a boy, the usual question, whether he was acquainted with the nature of an oath. " Of course I am," replied the ingenuous youth. " Ain't I your caddie ? "

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

Climate

"*A JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR*," by P. H. Newby (Cape; 9s. 6d.), is a novel with a heady, sometimes disturbing, psychological climate of its own. It is likely to make, on readers, an immediate impression. This is the author's first novel—and, certainly, here is a new voice. I think it a tribute to Mr. Newby to say that during the first few chapters of *A Journey to the Interior* I felt ill at ease and critical—as though, like his hero Winter, I had just arrived in an unknown place, where it was from easy to get one's bearings. Gradually, however, Mr. Newby's visionary conviction gained on me; and the scenes and characters, in all their oddness, took on an authority of their own. And when, having come to the end, I put down the book, I felt I had been through an experience that could but leave its after-effects on me.

WHAT is the plot, or the situation? On the face of it, nothing out of the way. Winter, employee of an oil company, has been down with typhoid; suffering, also, from the unhealthiness of the Delta, where he has up to now worked, he has been sent to recuperate at Rasuka, a desert Sultanate where the company also owns a well. Here, then, at Rasuka he finds himself, and must as soon as possible find his feet; in a small European community, riddled with irritations and antagonisms. This, in fact, might be classed as a "station" novel—a handful of white men and women, too few, too close together, too far from their natural base, and having been here too long.

here is Ford, the fat, weak-minded manager, with his indefinitely disagreeable wife, Yvonne; there are Plunkett the doctor, Flynn the taciturn Irish engineer, Cator the clerk—whose wife is a perfect piece of displaced, bewildered British suburbity. And there is Nellie Leader, the secretary—a young woman enterprising enough for her presence in this dead-end to be an enigma.

nd there had been one more man here—the late Ryder. "Or is he the late Ryder?" Ryder, one day before Winter came, arose and rode off into the interior: he has not been heard of again and his fate is unknown. In spite of this—or is it because of this?—Ryder, as Winter can feel, remains quite the most powerful presence at Rasuka.

The Interior

THE Europeans, as a community, preserve somewhat precarious diplomatic relations with the Sultan. Rasuka scrambles uphill above its port—on one side extends the sea, on the other the rippling sandy distances of the desert—the interior. This is forbidding: a no-place. One may skirt its edges, coming on skeletons of buffaloes and ruined forts, but no one but Ryder has ever struck right in.

To an extent, *A Journey to the Interior* is an allegory. That almost nightmarish nearness of the Rasuka people to one another, and, at the same time, their failure to be in contact, represents the world. Winter—with whose outlook we are identified—feels something urgent, even tragic, in his companions, but fails altogether to come to terms with them. Is Ford—with his preposterous home-made machine in the cellar—mad? Is Flynn malignant? Is the prim little Cator an embezzler? Is Nellie—who so frankly offers her love to Winter—a worthless piece?

Actually, though this does not appear till the end, it is Winter himself—handsome, engaging, courageous—who is the real emotional cripple. He has reacted from shock—the death in childbirth, not long ago, of an adored wife—into a deliberate shallowness. He detests grief (on

the voyage to Rasuka he has been almost maddened by the sobs of a new-made widow in the next cabin), and he denies love—his affair with Nellie is conducted with absolute cynicism. Grotesque these faces round him, truly, appear, but the distortion is in his own vision.

WINTER stands with his back turned, resolutely, to the interior—that endless, unknown stretch of his own being, his soul. The stages by which he is, virtually, forced to make the journey into the interior (physically, the desert) are marked, through the Rasuka scenes of this novel. Nominally, he is in search of Ryder; actually, he is in search of himself.

The journey, to which everything has led up, occupies only two chapters at the end. . . . *A Journey to the Interior* is, essentially, a novel of and for to-day. War is not mentioned in its pages: and yet, I believe the mood in which we find Winter is common to many of us now. A reaction against the heroic, a cramping resistance to extremes of feeling in any form. Winter's solution seems simple—not many of us can ride away into a desert! But the interior, in another form, always waits: we are just on the edge of it. It is no mean undertaking to strike out—leaving other people, be they better or worse, behind—in search of oneself.

Ballet

"*SOVIET BALLET*," by Iris Morley (Collins; 15s.), gives an account of the continuity of what was once the Imperial Ballet under the Soviet Union. As far as I know, this is, for us in England, new ground; and we must thank Miss Morley for putting to such good use these last few years, which she has spent in Russia. She writes chiefly, though not exclusively, of the work of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, and its school: her picture, skilfully touched in, of the Kirovsky, Leningrad, is secondary, but none the less vivid. Her arrival in Leningrad in the winter of 1944, only ten days after the raising of the siege, to find work in hand, already, at the Kirovsky, sets the note of her book:

The theatre had been badly hit by shells and the whole of the heating system destroyed, which meant much more serious repairs than the destruction of the plush stalls and crystal lustres. But unlike the rest of the city, it was in a hum of activity. Outside, Red Army men were acting as bricklayers, Red Army girls and just girls were hanging about laughing, and inside the whole auditorium was full of scaffolding. The hammering and creaks of work going on seemed to be chipping away piece by piece the blockading silence which during two years had gathered inside the deserted theatre.

We climbed on the stage and there were more soldiers and more workmen striding about among the gaunt traces of scenery. The director in charge of the repairs said, "We're due to open May 1st and there's a lot to be done. The Army has lent us 200 men to help, and we've got priority over everything else. All the same—"

Being English and used only to the insincere cultural cries of commerce, such as "the show must go on," I tried to imagine London in the condition of Leningrad, with a priority given to the restoration of the New Theatre.

"A priority over everything?" I asked, wanting to be quite sure.

"Yes; you see, if we can't open on May 1st I don't know what the people will say." He paused a moment and added, as an explanation to the foreigner, "It makes us feel when the theatre is open that life has begun again."

Miss Morley thought over this remark: and, looking round the Kirovsky, seeing the boot-marks on the dusty stage where so many famous ballerinas had danced, she suddenly, she tells us, understood that that hackneyed phrase



Yevonde

The Hon. Nancy Mitford, whose latest book, "*The Pursuit of Love*," is a best-seller. Eldest of Lord Redesdale's six daughters, Nancy Mitford is married to Lt.-Col. the Hon. Peter Murray Rennell Rodd, Welsh Guards

"a hallowed place" really had meaning. "It meant a place dedicated to the creative expression of a people's life, a place where the impulses of every hungry, shabby factory worker for poetry, magnificence in living, for intuitive understanding of conflicts and phenomena, could find a full outlet. It meant this stage."

Two Cities

MOSCOW, no less than (the then) St. Petersburg, had, in the Imperial Russian days, its own ballet school, founded in 1811. Formerly, these two very different cities reflected their temperaments on to their ballet stages—St. Petersburg stood for an aerial formalism, a "cold lyrical grace"; Moscow, for full-blooded Muscovite vigour. Since the Revolution, Miss Morley suggests, the two techniques have merged; each contributing, to the perfection of the present (Soviet) ballet, the best of what it had had.

The Revolution, inevitably, was signalled by experiments in ideological form—such forbidding titles as *The Dance of the Labour Process* appeared in the ballet repertoire, but did not stay the course. *Red Poppy* (1927) was, Miss Morley tells us, "more notable for its courage than its success"—only one dance out of it has survived. From this, it is not to be argued that the Soviet Ballet has reacted into conservatism: fascinating and by all accounts wholly beautiful new ballets have continued to be added to its list. But in all these the dance, the pure dance, unweighted by ideology, has been returned to its proper, the first, place.

A section of *Soviet Ballet* has been devoted to Miss Morley's descriptions, which are wonderfully vivid, of Moscow performances of ballets both old and new. These accounts are expanded by really wonderful photographs—obtained, she tells us, under considerable difficulty. The stage sets, and the masterful grouping of the figures, make one gasp—and not less poetically has the camera captured the fluid, flying movements of individual ballerinas. In another section, we have notes on the leading ballerinas, on and off stage. . . . Apart from its contemporary interest, I would recommend this book to lovers of Karsarvina's *Theatre Street*, to which it forms a natural pendant, or sequel.

Crofters

IN THE LAND OF THE CROFTERS," by John Maddison, a "Children's Cinema Book," is published by the Pilot Press at 1s. 6d.: taking as its focus the tiny village of Achriesgill, by the side of Loch Inchard, in Sutherland, it gives a comprehensive picture of crofter life. The photographs come from a documentary film which should, obviously, be seen.

The "Tatler and
Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Rank — Woodwork

Mr. Joseph McArthur Rank, nephew of Mr. J. Arthur Rank, married Mrs. Moira Woodwork, a granddaughter of Lord Southborough and widow of F/Lt. Peter Woodwork, at Marylebone Register Office

Butler-Jones — Lush

Major W. H. Butler-Jones, of Norwich Avenue, Bournemouth, married Lt. Sheila Joan Lush, B.R.C., of Guildford, Surrey, at Batavia. The bride was given away by Major-Gen. D. C. Haworth, D.S.O., Commanding Officer of the bridegroom's Division, the 23rd Indian

Labertouche — Canney

Mr. Peter Neil Labertouche, son of the late Major G. Labertouche and of Mrs. Labertouche, of Ridgmount Gardens, London, W.C.1, married Miss June Letitia Canney, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Canney, of Brookside, Cambridge, at the Chapel of Christ's College, Cambridge

Newman — Mackenrot

Lt. John Thomas Newman, U.S. Naval Reserve, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Newman, of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., married Miss Jean Mary Mackenrot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Potter Mackenrot, of West Hill, Epsom, Surrey, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



GETTING MARRIED



Thompson, Denbigh

Cleaver — Mansell Dawkin

Capt. H. W. E. Cleaver, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cleaver, of Red Hill, St. Asaph, married Miss Elinor Mansell Dawkin, younger daughter of the late Mr. W. Mansell Dawkin and of Mrs. Mansell Dawkin, of Bod Erw, St. Asaph, at St. Asaph's Parish Church

FAITH IN BRITAIN



Behind all the rules and frustrations of the post-war world, one thing stands clear—the staunch soundness of the individual Briton. A nation is as great as its people—an organisation as good as the individuals who comprise it. The success of the Nuffield Organisation is due to this, that Lord Nuffield has gathered round him an exceptional body of motor engineers who put into Nuffield products a quality and individuality second to none.



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Jean Lorimer's Page

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To have lived through two World Peace Conferences is to put a strain on optimism, isn't it? In fact, speaking personally, I think I have lived through three! I can remember vaguely a magnificent palace being built at The Hague so that Good-Will-Towards-All-Men might, at least, have a luxurious setting. I have not yet, myself, recovered from the splendour of a visit paid to the League of Nations Palace on Lake Geneva. And now I read that, on account of Geneva's dire reputation, it is proposed that the next Peace Palace be built somewhere else! Again, at the cost of millions. Yet, unfortunately up to the moment, it doesn't appear that the Powers-that-Be can agree among themselves round a plain table in a London house.

My own idea is that it would next time be wiser to requisition "The Neuk" and build annexes to that wee bungalow as Peace seems likely to be more permanent. At present, alas! Peace looks almost as strangely wobbly as it did way back in 1919. Except that this time the U.S.A. adds to the poor goddess's perplexity by sitting on an atomic bomb in, apparently, the pathetic hope (for us anyway) that nobody will thus be able to filch her secret.

Meanwhile, however, we read that something specially super in atomic energy is in course of production and this, of course, has sent every outside scientist to work discovering how to blow up the bomb before it bursts naturally. Which, incidentally, is unlikely to please those who are living on the earlier stages of its route.

Altogether it looks rather as if the Other World will have its work cut out settling millions of Displaced Persons all arriving on the instant. Therefore "The Neuk" would be quite large enough to keep settling one World Peace after Another—so long as some person was delegated to keep the bungalow perpetually aired. All the same—what a life!

I wish science could evolve a serum inoculating a little common sense into all of us. Because ninety per cent of the world's population loathes and is terrified of War. The explanation is, I suppose, that the Majorin only think they govern. It flatters their vanity and lulls them into a self-satisfied coma. Perhaps, the atomic bomb will at last wake them up. If it doesn't nothing else will. A partial awakening will be less than useless. Unless the whole world awakes to its danger and gets together en masse, the next war will not only end war, but end everything worth fighting for. And yet, how very strange it is that all these inventions of destruction could be put to such civilizing usefulness if only—and if only . . . alas! it only needs one renegade nation to set the whole world once more in flames. That's where the everlasting danger lies.

Self-preservation may perhaps, frighten us into international accord. And sometimes fright will work that "wonder" which logic and common sense fail to accomplish. So few of us are terrified by the "distant bang." It just sounds to us like a lot of boys-being-boys happily playing with fire-works. Until, of course, one of them puts a squib through our own letter box.

Vivian Ellis back in civil life after over five years' service in the R.N.V.R., is the composer to A. P. Herbert's libretto, of the new light opera "Big Ben," which C. B. Cochran will present at the Opera House, Manchester, in April. Before the war Lieut.-Cdr. Ellis was responsible for the scores of many musical shows including "Mister Cinders" and "Jill, Darling!" and is the composer of countless song hits, the latest of which "When They Liberate London" is being sung with such success by Jack Buchanan in "Fine Feathers."

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Miss Cynthia V. M. Joseph is to marry Captain Peter S. W. Dean, the Suffolk Regiment, on April 27. She is the younger daughter of Sir Francis Joseph, K.B.E., and Lady Joseph of The Hall, Alsager, Cheshire and her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Dean of White Lodge, Colchester



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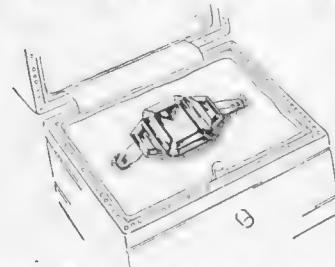
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Project Paralysis

BRITAIN is not accustomed to being paralytic. She may move slowly; but in the past she has usually moved. Yet in some of the practical considerations of the moment she seems incapable of moving at all.

We all know that the roads are too small to take modern motor traffic. We know that in cities there must be some arrangement for parking cars off the roads. If the roads are allowed to remain too small and if there are no means of parking off the roads we also know that the traffic congestion will waste millions of money, check recovery and be a brake on every other development.

I take it that few people would disagree with those propositions. Yet there is no sign whatever of any bold scheme for improving things. Road construction is indefinitely postponed. The idea seems to be that there is no labour and there will be no labour and that although the Germans and the Italians may be able to build fine modern motor roads, Britons cannot do likewise.

Nor is there the smallest sign of any radical parking plan for clearing standing vehicles off the streets of big cities. Sometimes we read of interesting projects; but there is no attempt to realize them.

Airports

IT is the same with airports. All who have studied the matter know that the triangular runway pattern of Heath Row is out of date. The whole thing should be scrapped. The right treatment for London's air terminal problems is to establish a fine aerodrome some fifty or sixty miles out with runways tangentially disposed and then to erect a big landing strip over the roofs of London to take the essential fraction of the traffic.

But the thought of attempting to build an overhead airstrip appals us nowadays. If our forefathers had been so paralytic they would never have built the Forth Bridge or the many things they did build which are engineering feats of incomparably greater magnitude than an overhead airstrip.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that such a strip would seriously reduce the light and air in the streets below. It would have to be reared at several hundreds of feet in the air, on great arches, and it would not do much to worsen the already wretched atmosphere of London.

No Motion

GOOD, modern motor roads, parking arrangements to keep standing vehicles off the streets of cities, and efficient terminal airports: these are the requirements for an efficient system of transport.

But the people of Britain look at these projects, sometimes talk about them; but never attempt to realize them. They stand aside, seemingly incapable of the kind of action that brings big things into existence.

I do not know why it is; but I would guess that it is because these things are nobody's business. We have learned that the Government does everything for us in these days and that in consequence the need for individual enterprise is eliminated. Indeed, individual enterprise is nowadays apt to be sternly censured by the Government.

So we are muscle bound. We want good airports, and good roads and good motoring and flying conditions; we know of many schemes which would give us those things. But nobody has the detonative spark which starts things.

Only a few "difficulties" have to be hurled in and we say it can't be done and sit back trying to feel that "every avenue has been explored."

Zurich Show

IN ski-ing time the thoughts of many people turn to Switzerland. I hear that some success is attending the efforts some of our manufacturers are making to sell their goods in Switzerland. There were the Miles demonstrations, for instance, with the Aerovan, and then there is the exhibition of Standard and Triumph motor cars at Zurich. It was opened somewhere in the first fortnight of February, I think, by Sir John Black.

I still hold the view, however, that all these efforts would be reinforced if our manufacturers would go more whole-heartedly for the metric system. I notice that both de Havilland and Miles always quote the metric equivalents when they are sending out information about their aircraft. And in motor cars, of course, we have long used the metric system in quoting cubic capacity.

We speak usually of an engine of so many "litres" or "cubic centimetres" rather than of so many "cubic inches." We ought to carry this a step further and use the metric system in all our manufactures.

It is the only legal system in far the greater part of the world. The United States of America is almost the only large country where the metric system is not the sole system and even there it is coming in as science plays a bigger part in the national life.

Science and the radio use the metric system and inertia is really our only excuse in this country for sticking to our fantastic rods, poles and perches and all the other paraphernalia of an out-moded metrology.

Which word reminds me that meteorology uses the metric system when it can. In fact meteorology prefers metric metrology as do all sensible sciences. This is a thing in which the Government ought to have given a lead. But there are too few people among the politicians who have ever themselves tried to make and to sell things for the metric system to make the headway it ought to make.



Miss Lindsey Yoxall whose engagement has been announced to S/Leader Henryk Pietzak, D.F.C. After graduating from Denison University, U.S.A., Miss Yoxall has been working at the Ministry of Economic Warfare. She is the daughter of Mr. H. W. Yoxall, M.C., J.P., and of Mrs. Yoxall, of Old Palace Place, The Green, Richmond. S/Leader Pietzak has also the Polish decorations of Virtuti Militari and the Cross of Valour



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"I trust the garments were satisfactory, Sir?"

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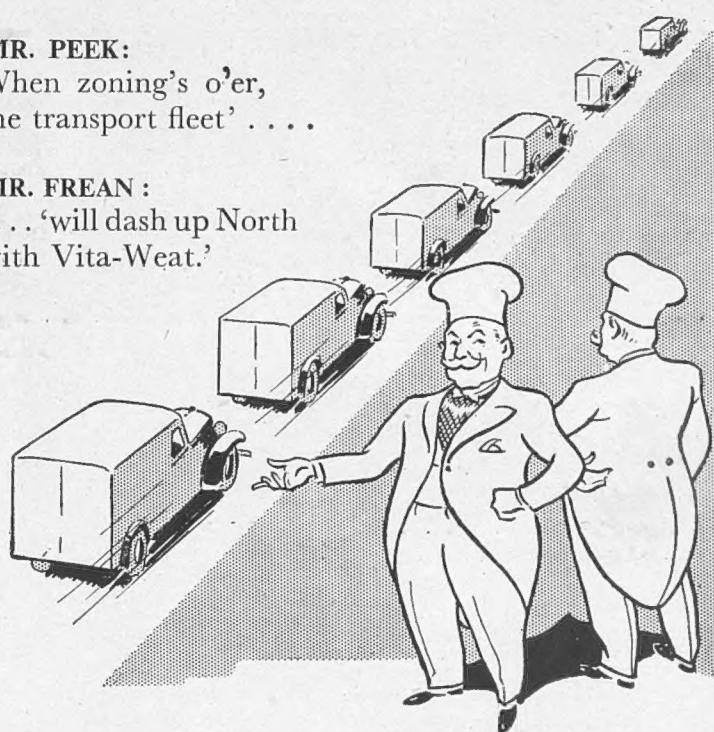
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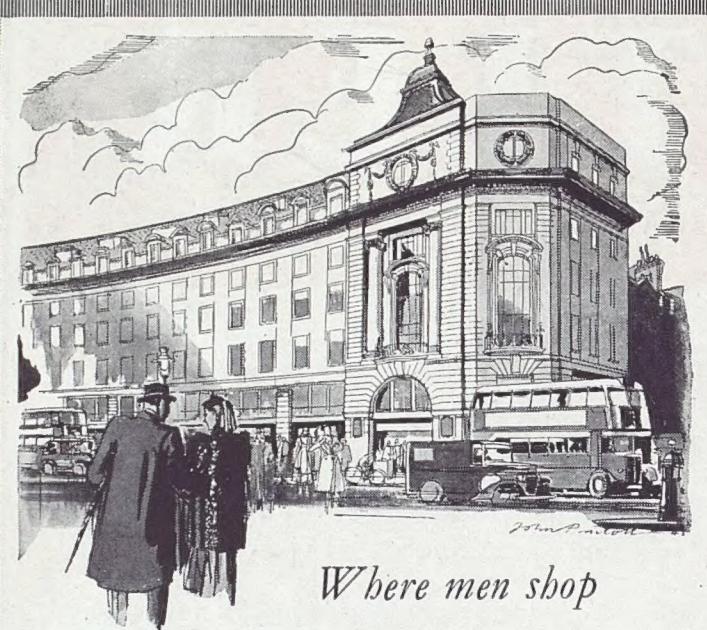
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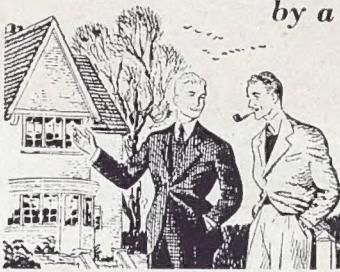
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Why I bank at Lloyds

by a PROPERTY OWNER



A few years ago a serious illness led me to make my Will. As soon as I set about it I realised that the administration of my estate was going to be a difficult job for somebody. What with properties, ground rents and other securities, the job is far too involved for my wife to tackle and too serious a matter to entrust to acquaintances. A business friend put me on to Lloyds Bank. They're experts. They're a permanent institution. The charge for the service is less than the amount I'd have had to leave to any friend I'd asked to take on the job as a favour. So I made them my Executors and Trustees.

In my contacts with them over that matter, I was so impressed with their efficiency and their courtesy that I decided to let them handle all my financial affairs — and I've never regretted it.

Let LLOYDS BANK look after your interests



See the Manager of your local branch

*Minding
their
P's & Q's*

IN the colourful days of early commercial expansion the forerunner of the modern "change" was the coffee shop (from which sprang Lloyds) and the bars dispensing punch. In the latter it became the custom to chalk up each merchant's score for final settlement. "P" stood for a pint and "Q" for a quart. Hence it behoved



the wily merchant not only to watch his bargaining but to keep an eye on the tavern keeper to see that he was not charged too much — to mind his P's and Q's.

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* Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product—but Schweppes will return